

The Mirror

OF

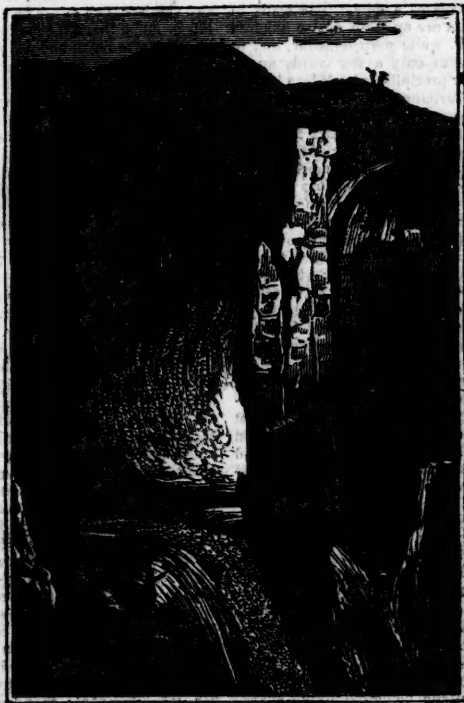
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXXI.]

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1823.

[Price 2d.]

The Falls of Wilberforce, in the Arctic Regions.



THE Falls of Wilberforce, one of the most romantic natural scenes that the Arctic regions presents, was discovered during the late voyage of Captain Franklin to the shores of the Polar Sea. When the loss of his guides, the want of provisions, and the severity of the season, compelled Captain Franklin to relinquish the survey of the coast, he determined on returning by way of the Arctic Sound, where he had found the animals more numerous than at any other place, and entering Hood's river, to advance up that stream as far as it

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was navigable, and then to construct small canoes out of the materials of the large ones, which could not be carried in crossing the barren grounds to Fort Enterprise.

Hood's river rises in Esquimaux Land and runs into Arctic Sound. It is from one hundred to two hundred yards wide, and bounded by steep banks of clay. The shoals and rapids in the river are so frequent, that the party could make but little progress. Capt. Franklin, describing the difficulties they had to encounter in ascending, this

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river, in his *Journal of the 26th of August, 1891*, says: "We walked along the banks the whole day, and the crews laboured hard in carrying the canoes, thus lightened, over the shoals, and dragging them up the rapids, yet our journey, in a direct line, was only about seven miles. In the evening we encamped at the lower end of a narrow chasm, through which the river flows for upwards of a mile. The walls of this chasm are upwards of two hundred feet high, quite perpendicular, and in some places only a few yards apart. The river precipitates itself into it over a rock forming two magnificent and picturesque falls close to each other. The upper fall is about sixty feet high, and the lower one at least one hundred, but perhaps considerably more, for the narrowness of the chasm into which it fell prevented us from seeing its bottom, and we could merely discern the top of the spray far beneath our feet. The lower fall is divided into two by an insulated column of rock which rises about forty feet above it. The whole descent of the river at this place probably exceeds two hundred and fifty feet. The rock is very fine felspathic sandstone. It has a smooth surface, and a light red colour. I have named these magnificent cascades 'Wilberforce Falls,' as a tribute of my respect for that distinguished philanthropist and Christian. Messrs. Back and Hood took beautiful sketches of this majestic scene, which are combined in the annexed plate."

It is from the plate, to which Capt. Franklin thus refers in his valuable *Narrative*, that our present correct and spirited view of the Falls of Wilberforce is engraved.

THE ASSASSIN OF SMOLENSKO

The following dreadful event lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Smolensko, in Russia. The owner of a lonely cottage being out on the chase, a beggar, to all appearance old and weak, entered it at noon-day, and asked alms of the woman who was at home with only her two young children. The kind-hearted woman invites him to rest himself, while she goes out to get something for him to eat and drink. After the beggar had satisfied his hunger, he, to the no small astonishment of the woman, assumed a different language, and with a threatening voice, demanded the money, which he knew, he said, her husband had in the house. The wretch rushing on her with a large

bread-knife, to force her to acknowledge where it was deposited, she declared herself ready to give him what money she had, and for this purpose mounted a ladder to a trap-door leading to the loft above. As soon as she had mounted she drew up the ladder after her, so that it was impossible for him to get at her. Finding that she disregarded his menaces, he seized the two children, and swore he would either kill or maim them; if she did not immediately come down and deliver him the money as she had promised. The woman, however, remained in the loft, and endeavoured to force a hole through the thatch and call for help. While she was thus employed, the monster cut off the children's ears and noses; and at last killed the poor maimed innocents, scornfully proclaiming to the mother the murder he had committed. The latter having with great exertions made a hole in the roof, called aloud for help. Her cries were heard by an officer who was passing by in an open carriage, who sent his servant (while he remained sitting in the carriage) to inquire what was the matter. The servant hastened to the spot, but on entering the cottage was met by the murderer, who plunged the knife into his heart, so that he fell and expired without a groan. The officer, surprised at his delay, went himself to the cottage, where perceiving the horrid scene, he attempted to stop the flight of the murderer, and with his sabre cut off all the fingers of his right hand, but was not able to hinder him from embracing the opportunity to escape through the door as it stood open. The woman had, while all this was passing, made her way through the roof, and run to the village, which was at a pretty considerable distance, to fetch assistance. Meantime the husband, on his way home, meets the blood-stained murderer, whom he recognises as the beggar who frequents that part of the country. The hypocrite, concealing his fears under affected lamentation, held up his mutilated hand, saying: 'Make haste! there is in your house a murderer, an officer, who has killed your children, and likewise a man who attempted to defend them, and from whom I have narrowly escaped in the condition you see.' The terrified countryman, while the atrocious villain hastens to escape, flies, with his loaded gun in his hand, to his cottage, perceives through the open door the officer and the bloody corpses of his children,

takes him of course for the murderer, levels his piece, and shoots him dead on the spot! The wife coming up with the villagers, hears the shot, sees the officer fall, utters a piercing cry, and exclaims: 'What have you done?—You have killed our deliverer—not he, but the beggar is the murderer of our children!' The husband, whose whole frame is shaken by the horror of the scene, and still more by his own rash deed, stands a few moments petrified and motionless, falls back in a fit and expires!

HISTORY AND MANUFACTURE OF WRITING PAPER.

(For the Mirror.)

Various are the materials on which mankind, in different ages and countries, have contrived to write their sentiments, as on stones, bricks, the leaves of herbs and trees, and their rinds and barks; also on tables of wood, wax, and ivory; to which may be added, plates of lead, linen rolls, &c. At length the Egyptian papyrus was invented; then parchment, cotton paper; and, lastly, the common, or linen paper. In some places and ages they have written on the skins of fishes; in others, on the intestines of serpents; and in others, on the backs of tortoises. There are few sorts of plants but have at some time been used for paper and books; and hence the several terms, *biblos*, *codex*, *liber*, *folium*, *tabula*, *tillura*, *scheda*, &c. which express the several parts on which they were written. In Ceylon, for instance, they write on the leaves of the talipot. And the Bramin manuscripts in the Telinga language, sent to Oxford from Fort St. George, are written on leaves of the ampana, or palma malabarica. Hermannus gives an account of a monstrous palm-tree, called *codda pana*, or *palma montana malabarica*, which, about the 35th year of its age, rises to be sixty or seventy feet high, with plicated leaves nearly round, twenty feet broad; with which they commonly cover their houses; and on which they also write; part of one leaf sufficing to make a moderate book. They write between the folds, making the characters the outer enticle. In the Maldore islands, the natives are said to write on the leaves of a tree, called *maearaquean*, which are a fathom and a half long, and about a foot broad. But the most remarkable is the *zagua*, which has something on it extraordinary; its leaves are so large, and of so close a texture, that

they cover a man from top to toe, and shelter him from the rain, and other inclemencies of the weather, like a cloak; and from the innermost substance of these leaves, a paper is taken; being a white and fine membrane like the skin of an egg, as large as a skin of our vellum or parchment, and nothing inferior for beauty and goodness to the best of our papers. Paper is chiefly made among us of linen, or hempen rags, beaten to a pulp in water; and moulded into square sheets, of the thickness required. But it may also be made of nettles, hay, turnips, parsnips, colewort leaves, as tea is, or any thing that is fibrous. The Chinese paper is so fine, that many of the Europeans have thought it was made of silk; not considering, says Du Halde, that silk cannot be beat into such a paste, as is necessary to make paper; but it is to be observed, that the same author afterwards speak of a paper, or parchment, made of the balls of silk worms; and the like we are assured by others is done at Cathay.

The incalculable advantages which the moderns have derived from the art of printing, would have been only imperfectly known, but for the invention of linen rag paper. A more plentiful and economical substance could not be conceived than the tattered remnants of our linen worn out, and otherwise incapable of being applied to the least use, and of which the quantity every day increases; nor could a more ready operation be imagined, than a few hours titulation in a mill. It has been observed by a French writer, that the dispatch of the processes of paper making is so great, that five workmen in a mill may furnish sufficient paper for the continual labour of 3000 transcribers.

The operation, of making paper (among us) admits of three divisions, viz. the preparing of the rags, the forming of the sheets, and the finishing of the paper. The succession of the several processes is as follows: 1. The rags are washed, or dusted, if they are dirty; then sorted into many qualities, proper for different purposes. 2. The rags are bleached, to render them white; but this operation is sometimes deferred to the next stage of the process. 3. The washing engine of the paper mill is employed to grind the rags, in water, till they are reduced to a coarse or imperfect pulp, called *half-stuff*, or *first stuff*, in which state the bleaching is sometimes performed; or at other

times it is bleached in the washing engine during the grinding. 4. The *half stuff* is again ground in the beating engine, and water added in sufficient quantity to make a fine pulp, which being conveyed to the vat, the preparation of the rags is completed, and the pulp or stuff is ready for making the sheets. 5. This is done by a workman who takes up a quantity of pulp upon a mould of fine wire cloth, through which the water drains away, and the pulp coagulates into a sheet of paper. 6. Another workman takes the sheet of paper off from the wire mould, and receives it upon a felt; he then covers it over with a second felt, evenly spread out; and continues this operation, which is called *couching*, till he has made a pile of sheets called a *post*, containing six quires. 7. The post of paper, with the felts, is placed in the *vat-press*, and the whole is subjected to a strong pressure, to press out the superfluous water, and give the paper a solidity and firmness it would not otherwise have. 8. The pile of paper is removed from the *vat-press*, the felts taken out from between the sheets, and they are pressed again by themselves, for a certain time, in a *screw-press*. 9. The sheets are taken from the press, and hung up, five or six together, on lines in the drying loft, till dry. The paper is now made, and only requires to be finished; but it should be observed, that the greater number of the processes of finishing are only performed upon fine writing paper, common printing paper being ready for packing up when dried. 10. The paper, in five or six sheets together, is dipped into a tub of fine size, and afterwards pressed to force out the superfluity; it is then dried again in the drying loft: but in printing papers this process is rendered unnecessary, by sizing the stuff whilst in the engine, and adding certain ingredients. 11. An examination of each individual sheet of paper is made, all knots and burs are removed, and the bad sheets taken out. 12. A very large pile of paper is made, and pressed with immense force, to render the sheets flat and smooth. 13. The pile is taken down sheet by sheet, and another made, without turning the sheets over; by this means new surfaces of the sheets are brought in contact with each other, and the pile being again subjected to the press, the surface of the paper is improved. This operation is called *parting*, and is repeated two or three times for the best papers. The paper is now counted

into quires, folded, and packed up into reams for market. Thus the most filthy article is made the most beautiful and delicate, and many a lady would faint at the sight of that, which by art is made to bear her fair hand, either to trace the beauties of nature, or convey her tender sentiments. A sheet of paper may now be made to any length. But the modern process of bleaching is very detrimental to the arts, for some of the finest books now published will, in the course of thirty or forty years, perish, on account of the saccharine particles or substance of the paper being destroyed by this system.

P. T. W.

ON THE GREEKS WHO LATELY FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

BY LORD BYRON.

They fell devoted, but undying:
The very gale, their names seemed
sighing:
The waters murmured of their name,
The woods were peopled with their
fame.
The silent pillar lone and grey,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay!
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the foun-
tain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll'd, mingled with their fame for
ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still, and theirs:
'Tis still a watchword to the earth;
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head:
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, and freedom won.

THE ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL DOCHERTY, THE SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE.

The character of the soldier of fortune, so inimitably well drawn, and which constitutes the chief merit of Sir Walter Scott's popular tale "A Legend of Montrose," has been considered altogether imaginary, and the careless facility with which he changed sides, and embraced opposite principles, regarded as the sportive invention of the author's brain. The adventures of a sentinel in the American service during the revolutionary war, as received from his own lips, will, however, determine whether the character of Dalgetty, "though it never did, might not have existed."

At the moment of retreat, on the

19th of May, 1713, when Colonel Laurens, commanding the light troops of General Green's army, beat up the quarters of the enemy near Accabee, Michael Docherty, a distinguished soldier of the Delawares, said to a comrade who was near—"By Jassus, it does my heart good to think that little blood has been spilt this day, any how, and that we are likely to see the close of it without a fight." No notice was taken of his speech at the time, but meeting him shortly after in camp, I inquired, says Major Gordon, "how he, who was so much applauded for uncommon gallantry, should have expressed so great delight on finding the enemy indisposed for action." "And who besides myself, had a better right to be pleased, I wonder," said Docherty, "Wounds and captivity have no charms for me, and Michael has never yet fought, but, as bad luck would have it, both have been his portion. When I give you a little piece of the history of my *past life*, you will give me credit for my wish to be careful of the *past that is to come*. I was unlucky from the jump. At the battle of Branwine, acting as Serjeant of a company in the Delaware regiment, my Captain killed, and Lieutenant absentsing himself from the field for the greater safety of his mother's son, I fought with desperation till our ammunition was expended, and my comrades being compelled to retire, I was left helpless and wounded on the ground, and fell into the hands of the enemy.—Confinement was never agreeable to me: I could never be *aisy* within the walls of a prison. A recruiting Serjeant of the British, who was at home in his business, and up to all manner of cajolery, by dint of perpetual blarney, gained my good will, slipped the King's bounty into my hand, which I pocketed, and entered a volunteer into the 17th regiment. Stoney Point was our station, and I thought myself snugly out of harm's way, when one ugly night, when I did not dream of such an accident, the post was carried at the point of the bayonet, and an unlucky thrust laid me prostrate on the earth. It was a great consolation, however, although this was rather rough treatment from the hand of a friend, that the Old Delawares were covered with glory, and that, as their prisoner, I was sure to meet the kindest attention. My wound once cured, and white washed of my sins, my ancient comrades received me

with kindness; and light of heart, and hoping to gain any quantity of laurels in the south, I marched forward with the regiment as a part of the command, destined to recover the Carolinas and Georgia. The bloody battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, bad luck to the day, brought me once again into trouble. Our regiment was cut up root and branch, and poor Pilgarlic, my unfortunate self, wounded and made prisoner. My prejudices against a gaol I have frankly told, and being pretty confident that I should not a whit better relish a lodging in the inside of a prison-ship, I once again suffered myself to be persuaded, and listed in the infantry of Tarleton's Legion. O! botheration, what a mistake. I never before had kept such bad company; as a man of honour, I was out of my *element*, and should certainly have given them leg ball, but that I had no time to brood over my misfortunes, for the battle of the Cowpens quickly following, Howard and Old Kirkwood gave us the bayonets so handsomely, that we were taken one and all, and I should have escaped unhurt, had not a dragoon of Washington's added a scratch or two to the account already scored on my unfortunate carcase. As to all the miseries that I have since endured, afflicted with a scarcity of every thing but appetite and mosquitoes, I say nothing about them. My love for my country gives me courage to support that, and a great deal more when it comes. I love my comrades, and they love Docherty. Exchanging kindness, we give care to the dogs; but surely you will not be surprised, after all that I have said, that I feel *some qualms* at the thought of battle, since, take *whatever* side I will, I am always sure to find the *wrong one*.

SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast's strain,
Like morning's music on the air;
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while one Spaniard's life blood
beats,
That blood shall stain a conqueror's
glory!

BY THE SAME.

Ah! if vain the patriot Spaniard's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's
lights,

Can break or melt the blood-cemented
seal,

That shuts to close the book of Eu-
rope's rights!

What song shall then in sadness tell

Of broken pride, of prospects shaded;

Of buried hopes remembered well,

Of ardour quenched, and honour
faded;

What muse shall mourn the breathless
brave,

In sweetest dirge, at memory's shrine?

What harp shall sigh o'er freedom's
grave?

— Oh! Erin!—thine.

REMARKS ON SCHILLER'S DRA- MA OF THE ROBBERS.

The first reading of Schiller's Robbers is an event in every one's life which is not easily forgotten. The character of Charles Moor appears to me to be drawn in a most powerful manner. Moor is a robber: he is young, romantic, and heroic. The crimes which his pursuits lead him into, throw a fearful sadness over his nature which reflection ever turns into bitterness. He becomes interesting from his devoted affection, from his noble courage and his fierce pursuits. He loves silence and solitude as a relief to his mind, though of the saddest sort. In retirement he pours forth his hatred of mankind, and becomes violently misanthropical from the remembrance of his own injuries, and exclaims, "*Man! Man! false hypocrite! deceitful crocodile!—Thy eyes overflow, but thy heart is iron!*"—Thou stretcheth forth thine arms, but a poniard is concealed in thy bosom.—*Lions and leopards feed their young, the raven feasts its little ones on carrion—and he! he!—Experience has made me proof against the shafts of malice!*—*I could smile whilst my enemy quaff'd my heart's blood;* but when the affection of a father is converted into the hatred of a fury, let manly composure catch fire—let the gentle lamb become a tiger—let every nerve in my frame be braced, that I may spread around me vengeance and destruction."

The character of Amelia, the young girl to whom Charles Moor is attached, is beautifully drawn. The love scenes betwixt the young girl and the chief of the robbers, who was to have been

her husband, are admirable in point of enthusiasm and sensibility: there are few situations more pathetic than that of this truly virtuous woman, always attached from the bottom of her soul to him whom she loved before he became criminal. The respect which a woman is accustomed to feel for the man whom she loves, is changed into a sort of terror or pity; and one would say that the unfortunate female flatters herself with the thought of becoming the guardian angel of her guilty lover in heaven, when she can no longer hope to be the happy companion of his pilgrimage on earth. The meeting between Charles and Amelia, when he returns unknown, is one of the most thrilling parts of the drama. The soul of Amelia is subdued by a presence which she cannot comprehend: she parts with the ring which Charles had given her, to one who is apparently a stranger to her. Her heart seems to be sorrowfully conscious of its frailty, without the power of redeeming itself. How firmly does she say to the stranger, when the remembrance of Charles rushes upon her mind and almost overwhelms her—"Here, where you now stand, has he stood a thousand times; and here I, who when at his side forgot both heaven and earth. Here he would listen to the celestial notes of the nightingale. Here, he would pluck fresh roses for his loved Amelia. Here, here, he pressed me to his heart, and swore to love me, and me only—forever." But the finest scene of the tragedy is the one in which Moor is laying on the side of a hill, with his robbers idling or sleeping around him. The sun is setting in the fulness of its glory, and the air is still. Moor leans his head on his hand, and gazes intently and mournfully on the beautiful orb which is retiring before him. He sinks into reflection: he had watched the setting sun in the innocent hours of childhood, and now the past comes slowly and sorrowfully back upon his mind. He gazes again at the setting sun, and exclaims, "Thus worthy of admiration dies a hero! When I was a boy, my favourite thought was, that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb!—it was a boyish thought." By degrees his mind passes to a consciousness of his present state; and what can be finer than his wish?—"Oh! that I could return into my mother's womb!—Oh! that I could be born a peasant!—I would labour till the blood rolled from my temples to

buy the luxury of a noon-day's slumber, the rapture of one solitary tear."

I shall conclude my critique by remarking, that though Schiller, after the age of twenty-five, wrote with greater purity and severity, yet he never produced any work equal to that of the Robbers, either in spirit, mystery, or passion. Schiller, more than any author, throws an interest over a situation terminated in respect of its being an event, but which still exists in the capacity of suffering. Upon the whole, no one can dispute, but that the tragedy of the Robbers is the highest triumph of dramatic literature. W. L.—E.

CUSTOMS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

The customs which once distinguished the festival of Whitsuntide are rapidly sinking into decay. Even the Whitsun Ales are now scarcely known, except in some obscure parts of the country. These formerly consisted of public diversions and entertainments, accompanied by pageants, games of sport, and other displays of festivity. In the Catholic times, and for a considerable time afterwards, every parish, more or less, took a part in these kind of amusements, to defray the expenses of which collections were regularly made, and most of them, as was the case at Easter and other great festivals, kept or provided dresses and other paraphernalia, for the representation of different characters, in order to give to the celebration of these rites, a more showy and dramatic effect.

It was then customary for the church-wardens of every parish to provide ten or twenty quarters of malt, which were made into very strong ale or beer, and then sold either in the church or some other place fixed upon for the purpose.

Aubrey, in his account of Wiltshire, written in the reign of Charles II., speaking of the Whitsun Ales in that county, says, "There was no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but for Kingston St. Michael (no small parish) church ale of Whitsuntide did the business. In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crooks, &c., utensils for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on. All things were civil and without scandal."—"Those churches," he adds, "are doubtless

derived from the Love Feasts mentioned in the New Testament."

"At present," says Mr. Douce, "the Whitsun ales are conducted in the following way: Two persons are chosen, previously to the meeting, to be *lord and lady of the ale*, who dress as suitable as they can to the characters they assume; a large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale, in the best manner their circumstances and place will afford, and each young fellow treats his girl with ribband or favour. The lord and lady honour the ball with their presence, attended by their steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer or page, and a fool or jester, dressed in a parti-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulations contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. Some people think this custom is a commemoration of the ancient *Drink-lean*, a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee, within his manor; the memory of which, on account of the jollity of these meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. The glossaries inform us, that this *Drink-lean* was a contribution of tenants towards a potation or *ale*, provided to entertain the lord of the manor."

A payment of five shillings "to her that was *Lady at Whitsuntide*" occurs in some chapel warden's accounts in 1621, in *Lysons' Environs of London*. This character, in keeping Whitsuntide at Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, is called "*the Lady of the Lamb*," from a custom there of setting the maids of the town to catch, in a particular manner, a live lamb, which, after certain ceremonies, is dressed for a feast. She who catches the lamb presides at table on this occasion as the *Lady of the Lamb*, or feast, attended by music, &c. and receives the compliments of the company.

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1676, stool-ball and barley break are spoken of as Whitsun-sports; and in the *Almanack* for the next year, in June, opposite Whitsunday and holydays, we read—

" At Islington a fair they hold,
Where ale and cakes are to be sold :
At Highgate and at Holloway,
The like is kept here every day ;
At Tot'nam Court and Kentish Town,
And all those places up and down."

Hallowing the Church Font appears to have been formerly a custom at Whitsuntide. In the ancient yearly church disbursements of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, are the following entries : " Garlands, Whitsunday. *lii*," and " Water for the Font on Whitsun Eve, *la*." Strutt, in his *Manners and Customs*, mentions this Font hallowing on Whitsun Eve ; and a MS. volume of *Homilies* in the Harleian Library, at the British Museum, informs us further, that " in the begynnyng of Holy Chirch, all the children weren kept to be crystened on this even at the Font hallowyng ; but now, for enchesons that in so long abydyng they might dye without crystendome, therefore Holy Chirch ordeyneth to crysten at all tymes of the yeeze ; save eyght dayes before this even, the chylde shalle abyde 'till the Font hallowing, if it may safely for perill of death, and ills not."

To suspend the representation of a dove likewise, in some part of the church (probably intended as emblematical of the descent of the Holy Ghost) seems to have been customary anciently at this season, and is alluded to in the following satirical lines of Naugeorgius, a writer against the Catholic religion :

" On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame
in strings from Heaven fle,
And one that framed is of wood, still
hangyth in the skie.
Thou seest how they with idols play,
and teach the people too,
None otherwise than little gyrls with
puppits used to do."

PETER PINDARICS ;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. IX.

THE IRISH TRAVELLER.

A FACT.

An Irishman travelling (though not for
delight)

Arrived in a city one cold winter's night,
Found the landlord and servants in bed
at the inn.

While standing without, he was drench'd
to the skin.

He grop'd for the knocker, no knocker
was found.

When turning his head accidentally
round,

He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's
feeble ray,

The object he search'd for right over
the way.

The knocker he grasp'd, and so loud
was the roar,

It seemed like a sledge breaking open
the door ;

The street, far and wide, was disturb'd
by the clang,

And surrounded aloud with the Irish
man's bang,

The wife scream'd aloud, and the hus-
band appears

At the window, his shoulders shogg'd
up to his ears.

So ho! honest friend—pray what is the
matter!

That at this time of night you should
make such a clatter!

Go to-bed—go to-bed, says Pat, my
dear honey

I am not a robber to ask for your mo-
ney,

I borrow'd your knocker, before it is
day,

To waken the landlord right over the
way.

EPITAPH.

The following Epitaph is copied
from a tombstone at Crayford, Kent :

The age of this clerk was just three-
score and ten,

Nearly half of which time he sung out
" Amen."

In his youth he was married like other
young men,

But his wife died one day, so he chaunt-
ed " Amen."

A second he took, she departed, what
then,

He married and buried a third with
" Amen."

Thus his joys and his sorrows were tre-
ble, but then,

His voice was deep bass when he sung
out " Amen."

On the horn he could blow, as well as
most men,

So his horn was exalted in blowing
" Amen."

And here, with three wives, he waits, till
again

The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out
" Amen."

FINE THREAD.—One ounce of fine
Flanders thread has been sold in Lon-
don for 4*l*.; such an ounce made into
lace may be sold for 40*l*., which is ten
times the price of standard gold, weight
for weight.

The Snake Charmer.



The above very spirited engraving represents the Pambatee, or Snake Charmer of India, exercising his trade; for there it is a trade; and several of the natives of the Ghaut Mountain catch serpents, and train and exhibit them for money. The class of reptiles which is thus rendered subservient to profit is the *cobra-di-capello*, the hooded or spectacle-serpent, as well as others of a similar species.

The *cobra-di-capello*, or spectacle snake, is from three to four feet long, and the diameter of the body about an inch and a quarter. It is one of the most dangerous of the serpent tribe, though it is devoured with impunity by the *viverra ichneumon*. Dr. Russel enters into many curious details relative to the effects of its poison on dogs and other animals. He never knew it prove mortal to a dog in less than twenty-seven minutes, nor to a chicken in less than half a minute: hence its poison, fatal as it is, seems to be less speedy in its operation than that of the rattle-snake. In man, the bite is speedily followed by convulsions, in which the teeth are so firmly closed that it is scarcely possible to separate the jaws; at the same time the throat is contracted; and without prompt assistance, death quickly ensues.

It appears a kind of miracle that man should be able to handle unhurt the most noxious of reptiles; and a company of Englishmen, who were rather incredulous respecting the secret charm which both natives and Europeans in general suppose these people to possess for making the reptiles obedient to their will, not long since sent for three of these serpent-tamers, and desired them to clear a certain space of serpents, which they were to kill as fast as they caught them. With the latter direction the sorcerers absolutely refused to comply, alleging that they had promised the serpents that no harm should be done to them if they would suffer themselves to be caught quietly. After they had begun their singing, by which they are supposed to charm the animals, they walked over the prescribed space, till the foremost of them came to a small out-house, which, as the servants declared, was the haunt of a serpent of extraordinary size. He placed himself before the door and continued his song, till the reptile could not help darting from its retreat—at least so it appeared—and was instantly seized by the singer. This was done so suddenly, that not one of the company could set eyes on the snake, though it was very large.

till it was actually caught: for the conjuror made such an abrupt spring at the very moment when, as he said, the snake was coming out, as to prevent the spectators from observing how the reptile issued from its lurking-place. The man wore a kind of long robe which reached to the ground: it was imagined that he might have tame serpents secreted in this garment; and it was therefore thought advisable to make him pull it off before he and his colleagues proceeded to another experiment. This unexpected requisition threw him into manifest embarrassment. Before he made another essay, his employers desired him to put down the serpent which he had caught by the side of a basket, into which it immediately crept, as if quite familiar with that kind of habitation.

After his two companions had likewise stripped off their robes, they again went about slinging as before, but not a serpent would make its appearance. Having continued this farce for about an hour, finding that their trick was partly discovered, they frankly explained their method of operation, and the account was afterwards confirmed by others of the same profession. It hence appears, that they constantly carry with them tame serpents of all kinds, of which they conceal as many as they have occasion for in the skirts of their long robes. If they are shown the hole of a serpent, they take care to inquire if any person has seen it and of what species it is. If nobody has seen it so much the better; but if it is described as being of a particular kind, they provide themselves with a tame serpent of that kind; and after they have performed their incantations as long as they deem it necessary, they force it to come out by squeezing its body. At this moment they cry aloud, that the snake is coming out of its hole, make a sudden movement as if to seize it, and in this manner prevent the spectators from observing how it is drawn forth from their robe. They then exhibit the reptile to the astonished spectators as being the same which dwelt in the hole, but which they have rendered harmless.

After this explanation they showed the pockets in the skirts of their robes in which they kept the tame serpents. Some had also a purse in which the snake coils itself up, and from which it issues at the well-known signal of its master. For this scandalous imposture they are paid according to the size and

dangerous nature of the serpents which they pretend to have caught, and this practice is the more mischievous, since the inhabitants of a district which they pretend to have cleared of serpents, are the more frequently bitten, because they fearlessly approach places which they would otherwise have avoided as the retreat of those venomous reptiles.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

POOR RELATIONS.

A Poor Relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondence,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling,—and embarrassed.—He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again.—He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants,

who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unreasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go thread-bare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the

indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L——s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando suffraginandum erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.—*London Magazine.*

The Novelist.

No. XXVII.

QUENTIN DURWARD.

(By the Author of *Waverley*.)

It was during the reign of Louis XI. of France—a reign distinguished by intrigues and contests, that Quentin Durward, a young and chivalrous Scotsman of Angus, having been persecuted by feuds in his own country, by the Ogilvies, set out in quest of adventures. He proceeded to France, and on reaching Plessis-les-Tours, had the good fortune to meet the French monarch.—Louis XI. entertains Quentin hospitably at an inn, and hearing that he is wanting to engage in military service, appoints him one of the Scottish archers of the royal guard, in which service Quentin's maternal uncle, Ludovic Leslie, or le Balafre, already holds a situation. While at the inn, the uncle and nephew have an interview, and Quentin relates the disasters of his family, when his father, two uncles, two elder brothers, and seven of his kinsmen, the harper, and six more of his kinsmen were killed in defending their castle against the Ogilvies. "Cross of Saint Andrew!" said Le Balafre; "that is what I call an onslaught. Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen-houlakin—an evil

chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine in lieu, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied, that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last bye-past.

"Look ye there," said the soldier; "I said it was all chance—on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand."—This errand was to the monk of St. Martin's, to say masses for the souls of his slain kinsmen.

Quentin received into great favour by the king, saves him at a boar hunt, and is employed in affairs of much importance. At this time there repaired to the court of Louis XI. Crevecœur, a brave Burgundian ambassador, to deliver a hostile message from his master the Duke; but Louis temporizes, and to avoid one part of the ground of quarrel, entrusts Quentin with a charge of the ladies, Isabelle, Countess of Croye, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy's, and her aunt Hameline, both of whom had fled to Louis, to avoid Isabella's being forced into a hated marriage by the Duke, to convey them to the Bishop of Liege for protection, while in reality he plans their being seized by William de la Marck, a lawless warrior, called the Boar of the Ardennes, and disposed of by that savage.

In the journey of Quentin to Liege, with these two ladies, the Duke of Orleans, who was in love with Isabelle, follows her, escorts and endeavours to carry her off. Quentin defends his charge, unhorses the Duke, and sustains a noble combat with his companion the brave Dunois, until a body of archers came to his relief, who carried off the assailants, and left Quentin to pursue his journey.

Arrived at Liege, Quentin, whose love for Isabelle had grown with the journey, lodged his fair charge with the Bishop of Liege, whose castle was attacked in the dead of the night by the Boar of Ardennes and the Liegeois. Quentin succeeds in rescuing Isabelle, but cannot quit the castle without permission from De la Marck, the Boar of Ardennes, before whom they are con-

ducted. At the head of the table, for the party were sitting down to a banquet, in the Bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which, indeed, he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver, and the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged, that, drawn over the casque, when the Baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grinning, ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression; for the beard, broad, gristly, and uncombed, neither concealed the natural horrors of the countenance, nor dignified its brutal expression.

The soldiers and officers sat around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him.

The preparations for the feast had been as disorderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the Bishop's plate—nay, even that belonging to the church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege, were mingled with black jacks, or huge tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

Amidst the wild license assumed by the soldiers of De la Marck, one who was excluded from the table, (a Lanzknecht, remarkable for his courage and for his daring behaviour during the storm of the evening,) had impudently snatched up a large silver goblet, and carried it off, declaring it should atone for his loss of the share of the feast.—The leader laughed till his sides shook at a jest so congenial to the character of the company; but when another, less renowned, it would seem, for audacity in battle, ventured on using the

same freedom, De la Marck instantly put a check to a jocular practice, which would soon have cleared his table of all the more valuable decorations.—“Ho! by the spirit of the thunder!” he exclaimed, “those who dare not be men when they face the enemy, must not pretend to be thieves among their friends. What! thou frontless dastard thou—thou who didst wait for opened gate and lowered bridge, when Comrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must *(thou be malapert?)*—Knit him up to the staunchions of the hall-window!—He shall beat time with his feet, while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil.”

The doom was scarce sōbner pronounced than accomplished; and in a moment the wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and, intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which, dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it. Isabelle was led in by the Syndic Pavillion, who maintained his dignity as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck, and the good citizens of Liege.

“Ay,” answered De la Marck, sarcastically, “we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady’s brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! Sir Burgomaster, you come like Mars, with Beauty by your side. Who is this fair one?—Unveil, unveil!—no woman calls her beauty her own to-night.

“It is my daughter, noble leader,” answered Pavillion; “and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings.”

“I will absolve her of it presently,” said De la Marck; for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings.”

There was a shuddering among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, revered the kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

“Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties,” said De la Marck; “only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and

loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution.—But come hither, noble Burgomaster—sit beside me, when you shall see me make a vacancy for my own preferment. Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat.”

The Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery.—The dishevelled state of his air, beard, and attire, bore witness to the ill-treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. When the unhappy prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, his look was composed and undismayed: his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive:—“Louis of Bourbon,” said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper—“I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise?—Nikkel, be ready.”

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck’s chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

“Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,” said De la Marck again—“What terms wilt thou now offer, to escape this dangerous hour?”

The Bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then reproaching De la Marck with his crimes, bids him ding down his leading staff—renounce the command—unbind the prisoners—restore the spoil—array himself in sackcloth and ashes—take a palmer’s staff in his hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome, and then, said the Bishop, we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the Imperial Cham-

ber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope, for thy miserable soul.

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair; the amazement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the Bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The Russian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered Bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.

A parley ensued, and Quentin's party are extricated.

Flying from Liege, Quentin and Isabelle are taken prisoners by Creve-cœur, who is on an incursion into Brabant. The lady is left at Charleroi, and her knight carried prisoner to Peronne, where, at the court of Charles the Bold, he most unexpectedly finds Louis XI. a voluntary visitor. Here matters had gone on as smoothly as could be expected between the politic king and his audacious vassal; but the news of the murder of the Bishop of Liege throws all into flame. This act of his quondam friends is imputed to Louis, and his headstrong rival imprisons his guest, who is sent to a gothic keep, where Charles the Simple was "done to death," and in his agony here puts up a curious prayer to a representation of the lady of Clercy.

"Sweet Lady of Clercy," he exclaimed, clasping his hands and beating his breast while he spoke—"blessed Mother of Mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion with me a sinner! It is true, that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of Embrun; but I am a king—my power is great, and my wealth boundless; and, were it otherwise, I would double the *gabelle* on my subjects, rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors—fill up these tremendous moats—lead me, as a mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger! If I have given thy sister the command of my guards, thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne; and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had promised the province to my brother Charles; but

he, thou knowest, is dead—poisoned by that wicked Abbé of Angely, whom, if I live, I will punish!—I promised this once before, but this time I will keep my word.—If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. O, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day; but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated! Sweetest Lady, work with thy child, that he will pardon all past sins, and one—one little deed which I must do this night—nay, it is no sin, dearest Lady of Clercy—no sin, but an act of justice privately administered; for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a Prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not worth thy protection; leave him to my care; and hold it as good service, as the man is a necromancer and wizard, that is not worth thy thought and care—a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes, as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp or springs from a fire. Think not of this little matter, gentlest, kindest Lady, but only think how thou canst best aid me in my troubles! and I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy, in token that I will keep word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this will be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted.

A reconciliation between Louis and Charles is ultimately brought about. A Bohemian comes as a Herald from the Wild Boar, and confiding the secret of his employer's plans to Quentin, which in the end enable him to win the heiress of Cloye, Liege is taken by the French and Burgundians in concert; and William de la Marek is slain, in a desperate sally, by Balafré, after being wounded almost to death by Quentin, whose reward for the head of the Boar is the hand of Isabelle, for which all the chivalry contended.

Miscellanies.

STEEPLE CLIMBERS.

The family of Wootton, at Nottingham, has for ages been celebrated for adventurous exploits in ascending the spires and steeples of churches, not, however, from idle curiosity or bravado, but in the regular way of business. Mr. Robert Wootton, one of

the family, was known by the appellation of "The Steeple Climber," having been famous for repairing spire steeples without the use of scaffolding. In this dangerous undertaking he used only ladders, hooks, and belts. In 1760 he repaired St. Peter's steeple, Nottingham; and after having finished it, he beat a drum round the top of it, and drank a bottle of Nottingham ale there, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Another of the family has recently performed a similar exploit on St. Mary's Church spire, Manchester. The spire is a lofty one, and had been so acted upon by a tremendous storm of wind some time ago, that the ball and cross were forced into an horizontal position, and presented an alarming appearance. Hence arose the necessity of taking them down. Mr. Wootton, from Nottingham, whose regular business in life it is to repair, take down, or raise church spires, undertook this task. He raised ladders, one by one, aided by blocks and ropes, and mounted each ladder in regular succession, to secure it by ropes and cramps, which he fixed into the stone-work till he had reached the summit. The placing of the last ladder, and the securing it, appeared to be a most arduous point. Every motion was watched by thousands of admiring, and many trembling spectators, with intense feeling. When accomplished, Wootton actually stepped from the ladder on to the crown of the spire, and gave three cheers, standing upright, quite composed and unembarrassed, with his hands free. The multitude below responded the cheering of the heroic craftsman most heartily.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A gamekeeper, residing in a solitary house near Wilhelm, had one day gone to church with his family, except a daughter, aged 16. They had not been long gone, when there appeared at the door an old man, apparently half dead with the cold. Feeling for his situation, she let him in, and went into the kitchen to prepare him some soup. Through a window, which communicated from the room in which she had left him with the kitchen, she perceived that he had dropped the beard he wore when he entered; that he now appeared a robust man; and that he was pacing the chamber with a poignard in his hand. Finding no mode of escape, she armed herself with a chopper in one hand, and the boiling soup in the other; and entering the room

where he was, first threw the soup in his face, and then struck him a blow with the hatchet on his neck, which brought him to the ground senseless. At this moment a fresh knock at the door occasioned her to look out of an upper window, when she saw a strange hunter, who demanded admittance, and on her refusal, threatened to break open the door. She immediately got her father's gun, and as he was proceeding to put his threat into execution, she shot him through the right shoulder, on which he made his way back into the forest. Half an hour after, a third person came, and asked after an old man who must have passed that way. She said she knew nothing of him; and after useless menaces if she did not open the door, he also proceeded to break it in, when she shot him dead on the spot. The encouragements to her courage being now at an end, her spirits began to sink, and she fired and screamed from the windows until some persons were attracted to the house, but nothing could induce her to open the door until the return of the family from church.

Useful Domestic Hints.

Weeds-Bane.—To prevent the growth of weeds round fruit-trees, &c. which materially injure their productiveness, the Germans spread on the ground, particularly round the fresh-transplanted trees, as far as their roots extend, the refuse stalks of flax, after the fibrous part has been separated. No weeds will grow under the flax refuse, and it keeps the earth fresh and loose. A substitute for these stalks may be found in the fallen leaves of autumn, which may be prevented from being blown away, by being covered with twigs.

Cure for Dropsy.—The practice of smoking tobacco has been found to be an effectual remedy in a very stubborn and long-continued case of dropsy.

Invisible Cement.—Isinglass boiled in spirits of wine, will produce a fine transparent cement, which will unite broken glass, so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible.

Fires extinguished.—The mephitic vapour produced by throwing a handful of flour of sulphur on the burning coals, where a chimney is on fire, will immediately extinguish the flames, or the same principle as it would suffocate any living creature.

Gout.—A gouty gentleman, who has resided in the South of France for